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THE HIGHLAND QUEEN

Sym.

No more my Song shall be ye Swains, of Purling Streams or

flow-ry Plains; Move pleasing Beauties now inspire, and Phœbus deigns the warbling

Lyre, Di-vinely aided thus I mean, To Ce-le-brate. Sym To Ce-le-brate my

Sym

Highland Queen.

2

In her sweet innocence I find,
With beauty truth and freedom join'd,
Strict honour fills her spotless soul,
And gives a lustre to the whole,
A matchless shape & lovely mein,
All center in my Highland Queen.

3

No sudden rush no trifling joy,
Her settl'd calm of mind destroy,
From pride & affectation free,
Alike she smiles on you and me,
The brightest Nymph that trips the green,
I do pronounce my Highland Queen.

4

How blest that youth whom gentle fate,
Has destin'd to so fair a mate,
With all those wondrous gifts in store,
While each returning day brings more,
No man more happy can be seen,
Possessing Thee my Highland Queen.

For the Guitar

Sym

Song

Sy

Sy

song

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52

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